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**BATES SPUDENT EXCLUSIVE!
THE ABSOLUTE BEST PLACES TO GET
IT ON AT BATES!!! SEE STORY, BACK PAGE**

Drinking Cris like H2O

The Bates SPudent

The Rolling Paper of
Bates College Since
1969

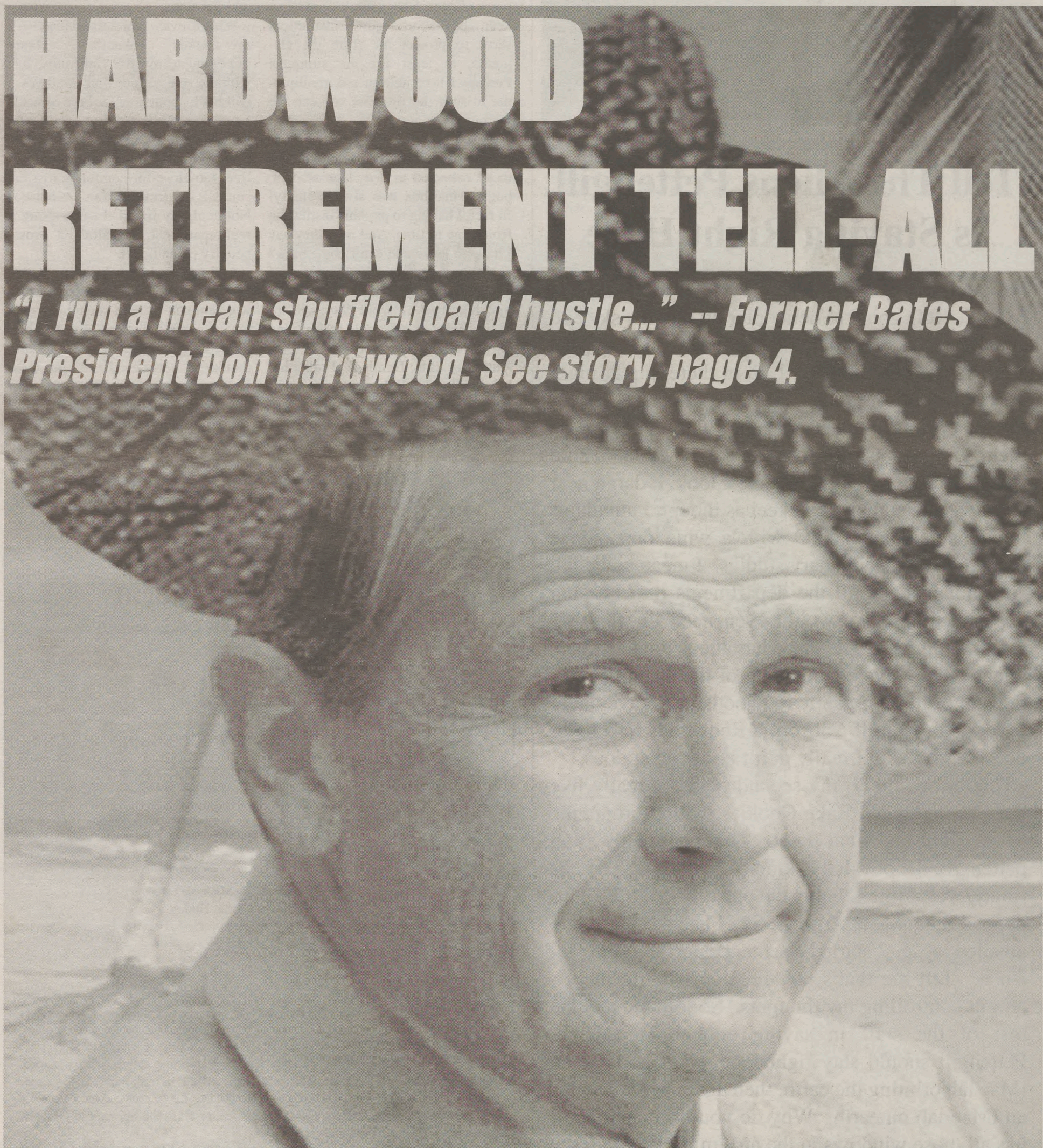
VOLUME 666, NO. 69

TUESDAY, MAY 13, 2003

LEWISTON, MAINE

HARDWOOD RETIREMENT TELL-ALL

*"I run a mean shuffleboard hustle..." -- Former Bates
President Don Hardwood. See story, page 4.*



"HI GUY" EXPOSED AS LOCAL SUPERHERO!!! PAGE 3

Other People's Boring Opinions

The Bates *SP*udent

Tuesday, May 13, 2003



Just a few of the crazy wankers responsible for this trashy rag...

Tell The Aliens Pettengill Is Staying Right Here

Pettengill is going to take off one of these days. I mean it. It is going to helicopter up into the sky and start to orbit. The damn place looks like a space ship. Sure, maybe when I go in there late at night all boozed up on apple juice and cranberry vodka and just print off sheets of paper with one word on them just because its free, the place looks a little more like a space ship, but take a look, it damn near frightens me sometime. I feel as though I am entering an intergalactic UFO with a wing or two too many of interdisciplinary studies. I mean come on, why not just put all the departments into one big department and we would even need to choose a major. I digress. The place has aliens too I tell you, aliens. They live in the water of the atrium and in the soil of those gigantic redwoods they have in the foyer. Come on, if California Redwoods in a foyer doesn't say UFO I really don't know what does.

This brings me to my second point. I really like the Commons No Bake Cookies, which brings me to my third and final point. That back hallway in pettengill, the one that is kind of rubbery and smells funny, well I think that is the place where the aliens deposit their waste. You.... See I had a lapse there, an alien lapse. I started a sentence and couldn't finish it. Tell me that's not the aliens living in pettengill controlling my thoughts. So join me and the rest of the staff in saying enough is enough. Pettengill should stay right here, what good is an iMac lab orbiting the earth, then again, what good is an iMac lab on earth. Why do you think pettengill has all those windows in the atrium, so they can see while they steer man, so they can see while they steer, MAN. We're out...godspeed. Anal probes.

EDITOR'S ~~COLUMN~~ MINDLESS RANT

I can't believe they're throwing me out of this place. For four years I've worked day in and day out - dragged my lazy ass out of bed at ungodly hours, pumped my blood full of coffee and sugar to stay up for days at a time, written scores of literature on everything from local bedrock formations to the social construction of gender, and what thanks do I get? I get thrown out on the street with a piece of paper! They don't even let us keep the hat and gown that might serve to protect me from the elements, at least for the summer! Perhaps I'll be able to use my diploma to start the first fire to keep me warm next winter.

For four years I waited patiently to receive a paycheck that I thought was to be expected as a college student, but my mailbox was always empty! In fact, I having to pay this institution from time to time. And now they say I have to leave and can't come back?

And so I plan to take my piece of paper in my pocket in two weeks, hitchhike to New York City, and try to find a dry, comfortable spot among the cavernous corridors of the Port Authority Bus Terminal. From that lofty shelter I will then set out searching for real employment, preferably in the trade I now know all too well - publishing. Perhaps some esteemed newsman will take pity on me and offer me a post in the mailroom or hawking papers in Times Square - I don't know.

In the meantime I have two weeks to myself. I cannot take them for granted. I still have a warm, clean bed. I have access to all the food I can possibly eat every single day, and it's free! (At least it seems that way to me). I can imbibe copious amounts of alcohol on a weeknight, or even every weeknight (not that I would, but I could), and this for some reason is, here, seen as acceptable, even normal behavior.

What's even more ridiculous? All my friends - virtually everybody important to my life right now, live within a five minute walk. And yes, I still bitch about how far Frye Street is from the Village. But seriously, what's it gonna be like when I'm in New York and my buddy, who now lives too-close-for-comfort across my suite, is in freakin' San Francisco? Not cool, my friend. I can't afford a real apartment, let alone a cross-country plane ticket.

And so I'm bitter. I don't want to go, but they're giving me no choice. I was tempted to take something with me - something for my trouble. Something for the four years of hard, thankless work I've put in. Unfortunately I soon found out that the Bates Zambonie machine wasn't able to outrun the security van. They caught up with me before I made it half-way across the Merrill lot. So at least now Androscoggin County may be paying my rent for the time being.

The Bates *SP*udent

The rolling paper of choice at Bates College Since 1969

Does Anybody Know Who This Kid Is? David E. Weliver
Staff Bitch Jason Hirschhorn

Number Cruncher Kara Stenback

Staff Bachelorette / EZ Rider Christina Dove
Pretentious Asshole / Staff Pimp Rob Fallon
Editor Most Likely To Be Committed Lee Davis
Dr. Ganja / Editor With Worst Attendance Matt Gagne

Staffer With The "Longest Lens" Becky Greenberg

Future Pornographer Michelle Geiss
Token Woman Caitlin Hurley
Editor Still Most Likely To Be Arrested Timothy Ayers
Wiggliest Emma Giorgi

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MEN'S AND WOMEN'S ROWING TEAMS RETURN FROM NATIONALS

But Bates Newspaper Editors "Still Don't Care"

by DAN MACS-WELL
STAFF MALE CHEERLEADER

In unrelated news, football head coach Mark Harry-Man announced at a press conference last week in front of four players, one unfortunate Spudent Reporter, and a homeless Lewiston man, the secret to next fall's football success to winning the Division III NCAA Championship. "I've been meditating on this one for months," said Harry-Man, excited like a six year old, "and I've finally put together the solution. We need cheerleaders. Lots of 'em. And hot ones too."

When the anonymous homeless man pointed out the difficulty of finding a group of attractive, willing sports enthusiasts at Bates, Harry-Man was stumped. "Maybe we could, err, ask for help from the community."

The homeless man laughed.

One zealous player, freshman Dave Bodega (lineback) pointed out that the team won two more games in this past 2002 season than in 2001. "Maybe we already have the momentum we need to go to nationals next season," said Bodega. "Cheerleaders are real cool, but I'm just saying."

Indeed, the Bates football program is certainly on the rise. But Harry-Man wants all the support he can in order to reach his goal.

A survey searching for willing females hit campus after the press conference this week. Results indicate that Harry-Man's dreams just might come true. A number of women's rugby players stepped forward to volunteer, hoping to gain self-publicity and funds in the process. "It would be nice to have more people see us," said next year's captain Sarah Belching. "Plus, we could also use football games as fundraisers and bake cookies and other fun stuff. We really need the money after last year's 24 Hour Volleyball-athon turned into a riotous fiasco when the Discordians showed up. God I hate those weirdos."

Harry-Man's expectations about next fall's cheerleading squad may have led him to disappointment now that the rugby women continue to work out details and planning. When informed of the results of the survey, Harry-Man was pleased to hear the good news of an interested, enthusiastic group of girls. When informed of nature of the squad, the coach backed away from the interviewer and slammed his office door, his face turned red.

His players show mixed feelings on the issue: "If there's no grass on the field, flip over and-oh wait, nevermind," was all that junior Dave Freaky had to offer.

"We're gonna kill Colby!" sophomore Brett Dumbass added.

"I can smell NCAs right around the corner, man. We went 3-7 this year, and next year we're gonna keep on our way doin' our thang" -junior Mike Loopez.

Added Belching, "This also gives us a chance to dress up and, like, be all pretty. And imagine how many guys are going to be after us!"

Cheerleading practice and football games will undoubtedly require significant amounts of time and effort. When questioned whether or not this will take away from rugby practice and games, Belching replied "I dunno, it's like, we want to do something good for the school and all, but do you remember the TRL where NSYNC got Carson to sing with them? Oh my God I was in the audience on the street! Wait, where was I going with that? Oh ya! It's gonna be so fun to be a cheerleader!"

Harry-Man will have no choice in the cheerleading issue while he leads the Bobcats national victory. "What have I done?" wailed the coach from the confines of his closed office.

Whether we like it or not, next year's football season is sure draw curious fans and provide the community with excitement, laughter, and thrills.

"Hi Guy's" Secret Identity Exposed!

Commons Worker Actually Superhero Of Tremendous Power

by KEVIN WEILER
CONTRIBUTING WHISTLE-BLOWER

LEWISTON, ME—Ending a long running debate centered on the true identity of the Garnet Thunder, Lewiston's own superhero, it was discovered last week that the red-clad crimefighter is none other than the Bates College Commons worker widely known as "Hi Guy."

This revelation came as a shock to students, staff, and faculty alike. Students in particular, who always found the antics of "Hi Guy" to be somewhat aloof and confusing, are now unsure how to act around the familiar fixture of Bates Dining Services. As one student remarked, "How does one behave around a man who can destroy the sun?!"

This bombshell was dropped when Tommy Mitchell, a Lewiston Middle School student, announced on Thursday he had discovered the Garnet Thunder's true identity late last Wednesday night.

"Garnet Thunder is the greatest!" Tommy, 12, exclaimed at a press conference last week. Tommy says he has purchased every

single Garnet Thunder action figurine, collectable card (which he says you can trade with friends), and clothing merchandise released since the Garnet Thunder made his crime fighting debut 4 years ago. "Also," added Tommy, "he is way, way better than Batman."

Some might question whether this youngster could have broken through the famous superhero's secret identity, but Tommy said he devised a complex plan to chart the Garnet Thunder's appearances. He said that after months of compiling and organizing data, they all led to one place: Chase Hall.

So, Tommy said, he borrowed his dad's tent and brought some graham crackers to a stakeout outside the Bates facility. His waiting paid off. Tommy says he saw the Garnet Thunder swoop down from a nearby rooftop, press a button on his famous utility belt, and go through a secret passage that had opened up. Before it closed, Tommy sneaked inside.

"It was the coolest inside!" Tommy exclaimed. Finding Tommy inside his secret lair, his true identity breached, the Garnet Thunder consented to giving Tommy a tour

of his ultra-sophisticated crimelab. "He isn't from this planet, you know," said Tommy. "He's from a far-away planet named Vorharplab and has come to earth to rid it of crime and evil. Isn't that the keenest?"

Dr. Helena Sinclair, noted superhero psychologist, says she isn't surprised about the Garnet Thunder/"Hi Guy" connection. "It is common practice in today's superheroes," she said in a phone interview. "It was the perfect disguise. Who would expect one so powerful to be hidden in one so shy?"

But is this the end to the Garnet Thunder's protection of Lewiston? "Hi Guy" will not confirm or deny any reports as to his retirement from fighting evil. In a press conference, he stared blankly at reporters until it was time to leave, at which time he greeted only the female participants.

And so, we may yet still be under the protective wing of the Garnet Thunder. Next time you see this shy man at Commons, give him a smile. He works for all of us: fighting crime, protecting the innocent, and making sure no napkins get through to the dish washing crew.

"Bates Is Good For Something, After All"



Becky Greenbag / The Bates Spudent

Sleuths from the Lewiston Police Department recently discovered the wide selection of pastries at Commons breakfast, leading one officer to remark: "This changes my opinion of Bates completely. Now I'll come for the donuts, not just to bust some underage yuppie ass!"

Bates To Install Scale In Front Of Ice Cream Machine

by TIMMY AIRHEAD
STILL THE EDITOR MOST LIKELY
TO BE ARRESTED

With the coming of warm weather and revealing clothes, the Bates Administration began to notice the expanding love handles of many of the students. This growing problem has been directly connected to the ice cream machine in Commons. In response to this problem, Commons has decided to install a talking scale in front of the ice cream machine on which each person desiring ice cream must

stand. The scale will speak loud enough for most of the cool room to hear, meaning anyone not comfortable with their weight will likely decline eating ice cream.

It is expected that these love handles will quickly disappear and belts will be visible once again, at which point Commons will turn off the speaking feature of the scale. It is hoped that at this point people in the school will be able to regulate their urges for ice cream.

One Commons worker, who wishes to remain anonymous, passed this warning on to students, "The ice cream here *does* contain fat. Don't eat too much. The scale does not lie."

Digitz ...

289

Number of Bates students who claim to have attempted to "shock" their partner. Didn't work.

3 square feet

Average size of Bates bed. No wonder none of us can get laid. It's like having sex on a Wheat Thin.

35,000

According to the literature, the number of rotations of the tornado tongue. How classy.

Infinity

Number of coolness points that the Bill has fallen since being voted one of the best places in America to get high. Now it's voted one of the best places in America to engage in boffer gaiety.

More Than Several

Beers downed by Spudent editorial staff during the lay-out of the Spudent. Massive brawls ensued.

Eleventy Million

Number of willing and able sperm cells that are just not being exercised at Bates.

AFTER ONE YEAR AWAY, HARDWOOD MISSES SUBTLER THINGS ABOUT BATES: KEGGERS AND FIRST-YEARS

by DAVID WE-DELIVER
DOES ANYBODY KNOW WHO THIS KID IS, ANYWAY?

CANCUN, MEXICO -- From within the breezy comfort of his beachfront cabana, former Bates President Don Hardwood savored a Bacardi 151 Mai Tai and ogled three topless coeds attempting to capture the attention of a passing "Girls Gone Wild" film crew. Taking a moment to adjust himself before cursing the late arrival of his triple-order of chili fries, Hardwood sighed. "So this is retirement," he lamented. "Not bad, but it can't compare to doing keg-stands with nineteen-year old girls in the lounge of Small House every Friday night."

"There's something about the licit

debauchery of this place that doesn't do it for me. I miss drinking myself silly under the guise of doing real, respectable academic work."

Hardwood pondered.

In addition, Hardwood says he misses the paycheck. "Don't get me wrong, this pension's okay, but it seems like pocket change compared to what I was seeing in office."

Hardwood says he is doing his best to double his earnings during frequent trips to Atlantic City and, on the shuffleboard court.

"I run a pretty mean shuffleboard hustle,"

Hardwood boasts with a wide grin. "The geezers never see it coming. I've perfected a limp and everything."

I miss drinking myself silly under the guise of doing real, respectable academic work. -- Former President Don Hardwood

Hardwood began to recall fond memories of stumbling down Frye Street in the wee hours of Thursday mornings during his thirteen-year tenure as President.

Sometimes, he remembered, he would wake his wife, Anne, returning from a difficult night's work socializing with students. "Sometimes Anne would roll over when I came back a little lit. Give me the cold

shoulder, you know? That wasn't the worst part though, it was that she'd never drive me to Denny's."

Now, Hardwood says Anne is happier as she's been able to pursue her true interests: street racing and table dancing. "I'm just not sure the Bates Community would've understood or supported those hobbies of hers," Hardwood says.

Though he misses Bates, Hardwood is having mixed feelings about returning to campus to receive an honorary degree at this year's commencement exercises. Hardwood explained: "One more year of midnight madness will be great, but let's face it, the degree is bullshit. What does a guy like me with a real freaking doctorate need a flake degree from Bates for? Please."

STUDENT GRAPPLES WITH TRAGIC DESTRUCTION OF BICYCLE

by BRENT McCOY
PISSED OFF CYCLIST

Once in a while we are fortunate enough to encounter a direct assault on our personal possessions by people certainly not acting in jest. These experiences twist our emotions and sting our memory, but they also give us the opportunity to react in a well-planned, constructive manner. Fate pitched me one such curveball last Thursday night as I left the Strange Bedfellows final improv show to find my bicycle being viciously kicked and heavily stomped upon by a fairly large Bates student. Two of his companions watched expectantly from the side of the steps.

I won't deny I that my actual vocabulary was devoid of expletive, or that I the adrenaline in my brain didn't help me act a bit pugnacious, but I asked him what he was doing and why he was doing it. I didn't really expect to hear that my bicycle had grown a cerebral cortex, a sensory system, really big teeth, and an appetite, and that Mr. Rumpelstiltskin was saving his scared friends from an imminent death threat by stomping on it. The only response I garnered was the pathetically defensive, guilty silence and then: "Uh... I don't know... I'm sorry, dude."

As the three boys (certainly not men, despite their intimidating size and weight) tried to get past me into the dorm, I stopped them and asked the stomper his name. Again, a brusque avoidant response: "What do you mean? Why do you care?"

Playing the fool must have been pretty easy for him - maybe he thought I wanted a date or an interview. I just wanted to play his secretary and schedule one of each with the dean of students and the student conduct committee.

I said, "I'm Brent McCoy. In two weeks I am graduating and leaving this place forever, and I want to know your name." I offered my hand.

A hesitant half-hearted handshake and a stubborn acquiescence this time: "Mike."

"Last name?" Maybe he wasn't such a fool. Maybe the thought of a nice chat with the deans didn't sound so appetizing.

At this point, one of his gorilla-sized and similarly tempered friends intervened and told me to calm down in one of those condescending "or else" tones of voice. My instant reaction was one of dismay and incredulity - I guess he thought that I was in the wrong for interrupting their saintly evening activities - but I pressed on, trying to get his name. By this time, the three of them had passed me and nearly entered the dorm, making very clear that they were going to shrug this off and leave, despite my continuing protests.

One of the muscle-bound, respect-ridden companions then uttered the cliché of cowardly clichés all too often imposed by those in a position of physical dominance: "Whatchya gonna do about it, huh?"

He had me there. What could I do? Glancing down at my bike, I decided that words are wonderful weapons when put properly to use, so I looked

at Mike and said, "Nothing, I am going to DO nothing. I just hope that someday you'll stop acting like a child and beating the crap out of people's bikes. 'Sorry' won't work forever. Grow up." He couldn't even look me in the eyes. Then I walked my bike, swearing in frustration and late-breaking perplexion, back to my house.

It took me the good part of the evening to decide how I wanted to address this problem. My bike wasn't broken; rather, the handlebars were just a little out of line. Mike and his buddies were probably having an underaged beer or kicking someone else's bike, but they were no longer a personal threat. My memory of the event was rapidly hazarding over with the fog of adrenaline, and the seeds of retribution had missed their sowing season. Or so I thought.

There is a story about a farmer who catches three kids in the act of pushing his tractor into a pond, a prank that would potentially result in a missed growing season and a waste of a perfectly good piece of machinery. When the farmer catches the frightened youths (feel free to picture a pitch fork or some such colloquial instrument of threatening proportions), he asks them to come in for some fudge. The perplexed boys, all of whom expected to be in the pond themselves or on the end of a pitchfork, comply. The farmer's wife treats them to some delicious fudge, and sends them on their way with an invitation to come back anytime - for fudge eating, not tractor pushing.

Mike, I had no pitchfork, but here's your fudge: your behavior was truly childish, and I am fortunate I didn't lower myself to your level through threats, violence, or public exposure of your last name. I am afraid of very little, but I don't enjoy physical trauma, so I am glad I didn't pit myself against you and your buddies who had no problem kicking the crap out of something that didn't physically threaten you. Although I could fantasize about some sort of Golden Rule retribution (Stomp, Stomp, Mike), I would rather have sat down and talked to you, telling you what I do in my spare time that I consider constructive rather than destructive.

Since this isn't a really viable option after the fact, I did sit down, and I thought a lot, and I came up with a couple pieces of advice. If you think that "SORRY" cuts the mustard in real life, you're dreadfully wrong. Unless your pockets are so deep that the afore-mentioned tractor would be submerged under fathoms and fathoms of dough, "SORRY" gets you nowhere. So cut out the pitifully violent, disgustingly disrespectful behavior for your own sake, because you'll certainly find yourself covered in some pretty foul smelling fudge when it all hits the fan of a farmer who isn't so patient as I am.

For those of you who have witnessed acts of violence, stints of indecency, or notions of disrespect or disgust: do something about it. Talk to others. Intervene. Let the community know that Bates provides a home and an education to lots of thoughtful, respectful students, rather than a bunch of bike-stompers, lawn-pissers, and window-

breakers. Unfortunately, that's all that the outside world gets to see, for the disruptions in our collective pond leave bigger ripples than do the silent witnesses.

I have sent my account of this admittedly benign offense to several public forums. I am doing this in the hopes that Bates students and Lewiston residents may begin to speak out against the problematic behavior in our community. I hope that courageous individuals can make a difference in the face of cowardly, childish behavior often witnessed on and off campus, and that the immature students at fault for these offenses will no longer be able to hide behind the shield of anonymity or an imagined bubble of Bates autonomy. I believe that it's never too late to begin anything, and in the two weeks I have left in Lewiston, I hope I can make a difference.

Bates Chooses New Mascot

by RECTAL CHAINSAW MAN
INTERNATIONAL MAN OF MYSTERY AND INTRIGUE

Come next fall you won't be cheering for the Bates Bobcats anymore. In a bold move, The Athletic Department and the Alumni Office have decided to change Bates' mascot from the much loved and often feared Bobcat to the often overlooked and somewhat slow, Two Toed Sloth. How, you may ask, does an animal unique to the tropical forests of Central and South America become the team name of a school in Maine? The decision was easy says Director of Alumni Affairs Bill Wiss.

"We at Bates have always been about accepting and encouraging of diversity and frankly that extends to our mascots as well. I think we were all ready for a change. And I mean have you looked at the thing? I think it just says Bates." Suzanne Coffee, Director of Athletics concurred. "Let's go CATS" doesn't quite have the same ring that Let's go TWO TOED SLOTHS does."

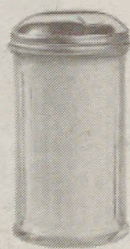
Not all of the administration was as supportive of the new decision. Dean Carnivor set to retire in July said, "This is the worst decision I've seen from the administration since their last decision." There was one bit of light though said Carnivor. "This is a sort of indirect jab at Colby. I mean their mascot is The White Mule; just when you thought it couldn't get any worse, [laughing] we do this. And I would like to take this opportunity to say that Colby sucks."

An anonymous source in the Development office was quoted as saying, "Bates needs money like I need another gin and tonic: badly. That aside, two toed sloths are known for being able to live upside down and I think we all know how many of us do business around here 'upside down.'"

An alum from the class of 1950, John Brown, had this to say on the matter: "Damn hippies," while Bates President Elaine Hansen could not be reached for comment.

NOW ON YOUR
COMMONS TABLE
BATES "SUGAR"

Product of Jamaica



Specially Imported By
Linda Williams

NBC Finds New and Arousing Ways to Place Advertisements in Future Reality TV Shows

by ALEX LICKUMS
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

Commercial analysts predict that the newest Reality TV show, *Naked Factor*, a revision of NBC's *Fear Factor* (with the only difference that all the contestants will now be absolutely naked), will revolutionize the economic structure of modern television.

"Now I know what you're thinking," Executive producer Jonathan Sunderland replied during a press conference, "how can a television show with only naked people efficiently utilize product placement and endorsements when the contestants are wearing not a spec of clothing? The answer is incredibly easy, and actually arose with our problem with network television censors. You see, instead of using blurry spots to hide nudity, we place black boxes with advertisements within them over the nude contestant's members/gazoongas while they try to fulfill their challenges. So instead of those annoying fuzz spots over private areas, viewers will see Nike Swooshes and McDonald's arches."

Ever since the first season of *'Survivor'* took to the pinnacle of pop culture back in the summer of 2000, reality programming has been television's hottest genre. Now it's 2003, and millions of Americans are still chowing down on hit Reality shows such as *American President*, *Wife Swap*, and the Ambiguously Gay Bachelor. But Reality TV hasn't just revolutionized the content and overall worth of television programming, more significantly it has changed the whole economic structure of modern TV. While network producers of script based shows need to wait for commercial breaks to fund the show, Reality TV, much like television sports, is able to utilize both product placements and endorsements within the shows along with commercial breaks to rake in completely unbelievable amounts of money. *Naked Factor* is the most revolutionary example yet, scheduled to hit network TV next fall, in which its censor advertisements are expected

to bring in 10 million dollars per episode.

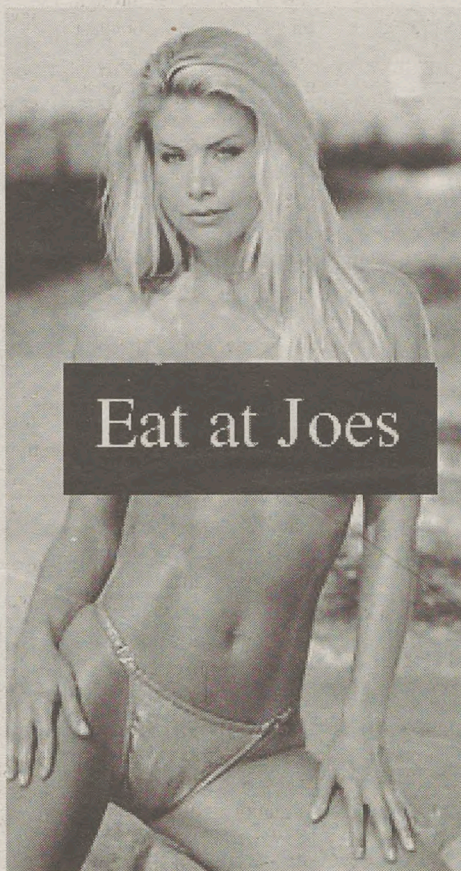
Upon asked where he received the idea for using black censor boxes for advertising Sunderland replied that he got the idea from his 14-year old son. "The idea began when I came home early one day for lunch. I was incredibly stressed out because I had to come up with a new way to handle our network's precious advertising needs. I was seriously ready to blow because I couldn't think of anything original. My wife was out to lunch, but I found my son Jimmy, supposedly home from school sick, drooling over one of my old college frat magazines, *Swank Nation*. My first reaction was to go ape-shit on his junior ass not only for looking at nudie pictures at the innocent age of 14, but also for drooling all over my vintage porno -because like I said, I was a fucking loose canon at that point. But then it hit me that teenagers just can't look away from raunchy, good ol' fashioned skin-tease. I thought to myself, 'How could we get this shit onto TV without worrying about censors and deal with advertising at the same time. Then it hit me: use advertisements to cover up the nudity. I rushed back to work in my Jag and told the NBC panel about my idea. They loved it."

Jimmy Sunderland could not be reached for comment as he was too sucked into playing his new Play Station 2. Word has it that Little Jimmy is up for a promotion to Junior Executive Producer because his father was so proud of him looking at his vintage porn mag, even though he did drool all over it.

One problem with the new marketing scheme, Sunderland states, which visual technicians are working around the clock to fix, is the "30 frame glitch." For an unknown reason, when *Naked Factor* is taped and replayed in slow motion, the advertisement box disappears every 1 in 30 frames, exposing the contestant's breaststasses and ding dongs. This little glitch poses little problem, however, in which *Naked Factor* already has a permanent spot on network schedules for the fall because of its revolutionary nature.



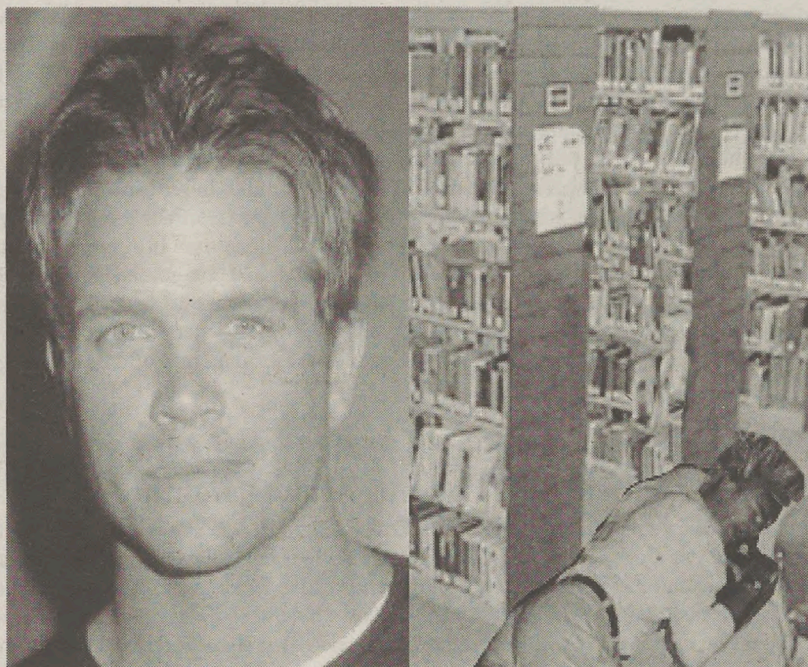
NBC's *Naked Factor* displays advertisements the proper way.



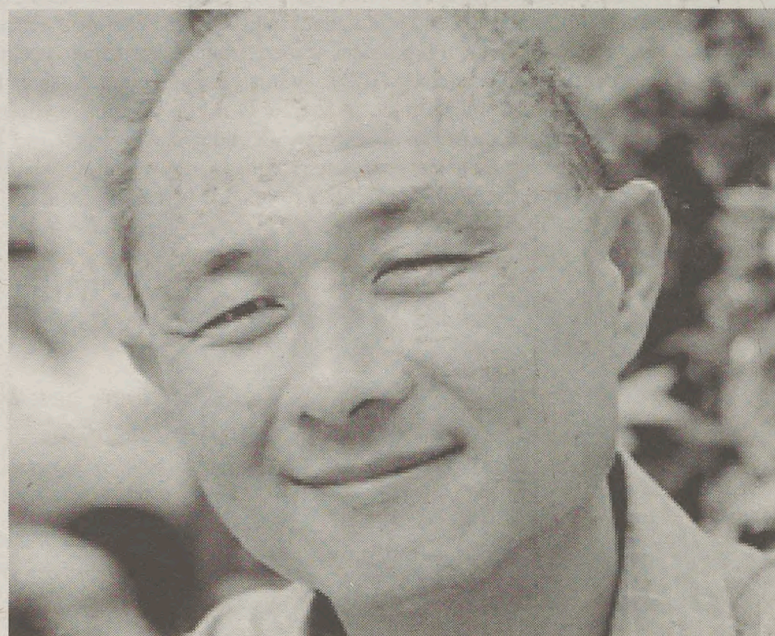
News In Brief On The Bates Campus



Mr. Squirrel just can't take any more Commons tofu bacon that vegan students feed him; says nuts would be just fine.



In Midlife Crisis, ex-Baywatch co-star and Bates Graduate, David Chokachi, was found intoxicated and passed out in Ladd Library last Saturday night.



Bates English Professor Thomas Tso was recently denied tenure because he is unable to grow big enough chops. Tso replied, "I'm Chinese, I can't grow no fuckin Chops!"

The Spudent Presents... News (In Brief) *by The Pretentious Asshole*

Bates Football Takes Weight Room, Still Last In NESCAC

The Bates College football squad took over the Davis Fitness Center early Monday, sources report, but still remain last in NESCAC. Wearing sweatstained T-shirts inscribed with catchy slogans such as: "T.E.A.m.: Some rise above the rest" and "Pain Is Only Weakness Leaving The Body," the team quickly stormed the room, and immediately conquered and detained several strategic sets of free weights, closely followed by bar plates of varying sizes. They then lifted them up and put them back down again, in sequence. In a show of complete and utter domination over the 50 x 50 foot room, the team then pumped Metallica's "King Nothing" at 60 decibels and worked their lats. Several cross country runners and squash players were injured in the process. Despite the quick incursion and rapid takeover of the area, the team still remains last in NESCAC, where sports are largely played out in areas outside the weight room.

Bates College Ranked 131st in US News and World Report's "Top 200 'Special' Schools In America"

According to US News and World Report, Bates College ranks somewhere in the middle of the top 200 "most special" schools in America. According to Bonzi Hatefist, the magazine's chief schooling columnist and part time sexual fetishist, "all schools are special, in their own way, and Bates is no different. They're super special, like a cake made of rainbows." The annual listing, honoring schools that might not have the gifts that other schools have, but who try hard and are still "special," is supported by a great majority of citizens throughout the country. When asked for comment, one passerby said, "I think it's great that these schools have their own list. They're no different from, say, Middlebury or Bowdoin, just because they're not as gifted. They're special in their own way, just for being themselves. To me, they're all winners!" In the listing, Bates was situated between "Madame Rimjob's Alternative School For Gypsy Learning" and "Jimmy Bullfrog's 'A, Bee, See!' Daycare."

Bates Professor Caught Attempting To Bring About End of World, College Refuses To Take Action

Bates College Professor of Political Science Jon "Boffdaddy" Boffman was caught in the process of attempting to bring about the end of civilization late Friday, sources confirm, but has yet to be fired by Bates' administration. According to the student who interrupted Boffman's ritual, who asked to remain anonymous, Boffman was in the middle of a black mass ritual that appeared to require a goat's head, a large cauldron, several black candles, two midgets, a virgin (taken from the Bill), several issues of Congressional Quarterly, and a large tub of Crisco. When asked for comment, Dean of Faculty Jill Reichzche said, "We have no intention of firing Boffman, he is a great professor who very much loves his work. I only hope people will remember what a devoted academic his is ... despite the fact that he tried to bring about the End of Days." In the aftermath of Boffman's attempt to topple civilization and plunge the world into one thousand years of darkness, students are beginning to note in retrospect experiences that they had with the professor, where they now discern clues into Boffman's obsession with the Dark Arts. Advisee Dom Pangallllo notes: "There was this one time in American Parties and Elections (a Boffman class), where no one did the reading, and Jon got mad and said that next time he'd summon the Four Demons of the Abyss to 'encourage us to read more thoroughly.' I should have known then, but hey, hindsight is 20/20." This marks the second bizarre ritual Bates has seen in a week, including last Wednesday, where 50 hippies offered up a Vegan sacrifice to the Patchouli Gods.

Bates Conservative Population Labeled Terrorist Group, Deans Move To Invade 45 Campus Avenue and the Village

In a stunning policy shift, Bates' Dean of the College Jim Cragignan has officially labeled conservatives at Bates College a terrorist group, and says that the College is poised to invade 45 Campus Avenue and the Village for harboring conservative terrorists. Cragignan made the statement last Tuesday, saying, "In the last four years, we have seen a stunning rise in conservative terrorism on campus. I hate conservatives, and since they are different, they are terrorists. I am insane. If the Village and 45 Campus do not immediately cease all terrorist activity and give up all conservatives, we will invade and take them ourselves." Cragignan stands ready to invade, with an unprecedented army of 500 hippies, 150 vegans, the entire editorial staff of SEED (2), and 900 students who are suffering from a lack of options. Propaganda attacks have already commenced, with liberal freedom fighters writing poetry and scrawling words such as "petroimperialist" and "capitalist-defeatist-oil-paradigm-wallowing-modernists" on random posters. Additionally, in an ironic move that parallels the United States' invasion of Iraq, the administration has ceased multilateral talks with the obstinate conservatives, opting instead to lob blunt ideological broadsides at them from their command center at the Center for Justice, Equality, and Democracy (JED). A small population of students have questioned the invasion, asking if it is not so much an attempt to rid the campus of conservative terrorism, but instead to draw focus from Bates' sinking endowment, removal of their need-based financial aid package, plummeting academic ranking, and growing population of complete and utter morons on campus. The Dean's Staff responded by calling them disloyal and "gay" for not supporting the liberal cause.



Midgets With Mullets (left)

As it turns out, in an attempt to strengthen next year's basketball squad, Bates has elected to bring in some ringers. In this picture, "Stubby" McKenzie drives to the hole past J.J. "Tiny Balls" McDildo. Yes, both are Irish midgets, and both now play for Bates.

HOROSCOPE



With Your Resident Astrologer - T Squared

Aries

You will achieve fame as a The Sketchiest Person Alive when you grow a mean mullet, crank Golden Earring, and cruise down Lisbon Street in your '87 Camero, asking everyone you see where you can get 14 year old Thai hookers.

Taurus

Your lifelong obsession with breasts will come to a head when you mysteriously wake up with large, full C-cup breasts. Unfortunately, fate decided that you should also keep your penis. Sorry.

Gemini

Do not fear death. Yours will be so surprising that you will not see it coming. But don't worry, most people would never even consider the prospect of a herd of ferocious, rabid howler monkeys. Maybe you should.

Cancer

Your allegiance to the United States will be called into question when you get a sex-change operation, travel to Iran, and abandon yourself to a whirlwind affair with the Ayatollah.

Leo

They say that Leos are courageous when faced with danger. This will be put to the test next Wednesday. Not to give too much away, but you should probably keep a Hazmat suit with you at all times, along with a good amount of Immodium AD. However, don't bother to bring the Off insect repellent. You won't have nearly enough, and it doesn't work on 3-inch bees.

Virgo

Haha, you're a virgin. And, according to the stars, you should probably get comfortable. It's difficult to lose your virginity with no sex organs.

Libra

In the coming months, you will compile monstrous legal fees after a long night of binge drinking, whereupon you honestly mistake President Hanson's mailbox for a sexually willing coed. Congratulations.

Scorpio

They say Siberia has many excellent exports. You, however, will achieve worldwide fame for being its most noted import.

Sagittarius

The good news is that you don't have SARS. The bad news is that what you have is easily passed, and will seriously hurt your sex life. I'll give you a hint: it starts with "C" and ends with "hlamidia."

Capricorn

While it is true that everyone on earth is looking for love, it still will not explain why a security camera at the Bronx Zoo has compromising stillshots of you and several intoxicated wildebeests.

Aquarius

Your continued insistence that you are The Man will finally be verified next week, when thousands of socialists from all over the world will come to your house, burn it down, and persecute you for "holding them down."

Pisces

Many scientists would kill for the chance to see the digestive tract of a living great white shark up close. Too bad for them that you get there first. Make sure you bring a camera.

The Bates Spudent Answers YOUR Questions, Biatch

Not only are the editors of the Spudent chill dudes and dudettes, they're also mad knowledgeable. Have questions? Get 'em answered here!

Dear Student Staff:

I have an uncontrollable urge to have sex all of the time. I cannot go to class, and I usually have a hard time sleeping. But, besides this, I am a perfectly normal 19-year-old woman. What should I do about this?

- Horny In Hedge

Dear Horny In Hedge:

It may be time for you to realize that, indeed, you are a freak of nature. Much like R. Kelly, your sexual urges will only destroy you in time. Sure, all you want now is a little thunderbang here, a little thunderbang there, but the next thing you know, you're getting peed on by seven midgets in a Reno hotel room. You're doomed. You might as well come to the offices of the Spudent and ride us like the wild stallions we are.

Dear Student Staff:

My roommate is crazy! All he does is look at porn and stuff like that. One time, I think I caught him "flogging the dolphin," if you know what I mean. What should I do?

- Pissed off in Page

Dear Pissed Off In Page:

J-Balls is your roommate? What you need to do is confront him. So, next time he starts ogling fake nudes of Britney Spears, start talking about how you're really attracted to David Chokachi, especially his feet. That oughta learn him. If that doesn't work, there's only one thing to do. Put hermaphrodite porn on his computer desktop. Barring that, it may be time to embrace this time-honored doctrine: "If you can't beat him, join him."

Dear Student Staff:

Why is it, whenever I try to address the issues of white male phallocracy and the hegemony of the testicle-imperialist capitalist culture worldwide, everyone just dismisses me as an extreme feminist? When will the world realize that the male gonads are responsible for all social and economic problems, including hunger and the poor reading ability of American first graders?

- I Don't Shave My Armpits, And You Can Kiss My Ass

Dear I Don't Shave My Armpits, And You Can Kiss My Ass:

First of all, we don't want to get anywhere near your ass. If you don't shave your armpits, we have a sinking feeling that there's far worse to be found below the equator, if you know what we mean. Secondly, you suck at life. The only reason you hate men is because they continually reject you, which most likely has to do with your poor personal hygiene. Maybe you should switch sides of the plate.

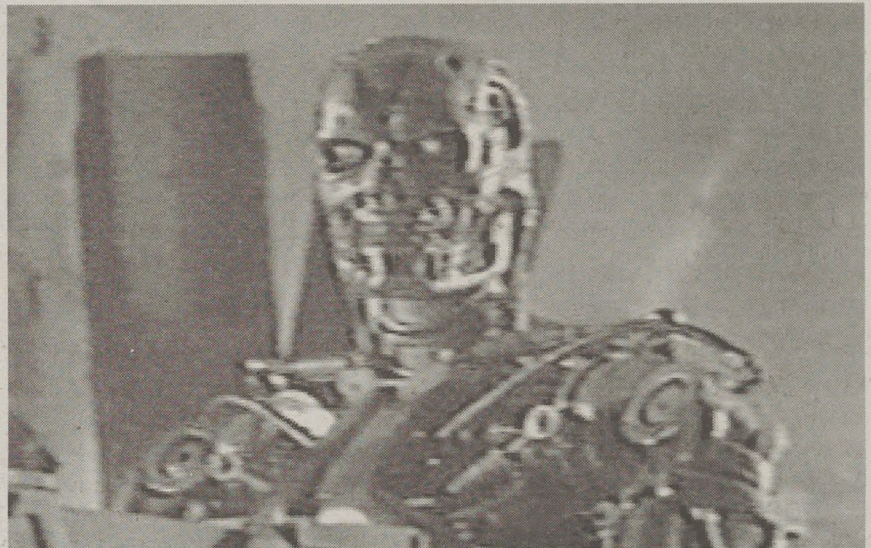
News Flash!!!!

The real Beirut not nearly as fun as the drinking game!



No Naked Runs Here!

Spudent Top Ten Advice to Graduating (Terminated) Seniors



by XXX,
STAFF TERMINATOR

10. Don't put on your resume that you once won twelve straight games of Beirut.
9. In the real world, you really aren't going to need that Nalgene. In fact, you'll probably exchange it for a much trendier Starbucks coffee mug.
8. Don't say "OK" or "like" in public anymore.
7. Be prepared: there are Republicans out there.
6. As a necessary precaution, assume that things won't be "cool" in the morning. Unless, of course, you consider crabs to be cool. If it is, go for it!
5. Living with your parents is going to suck in about t-minus six seconds.
4. Your thesis was a waste of time. No one's ever going to read it - not even your Mom.
3. If you know what's good for you, you'll move away from Maine. And not to New Hampshire, because that's mini-Maine.
2. Appreciate the phrase "It's a great day to be a Bobcat" as much as you can for the next two weeks, because after that there won't be many occasions to use it. In light of recent events, being a Bates graduate may be grounds for an arrest warrant.
1. Don't spend more than \$100,000 so that your kids can go to a small liberal arts school in Maine. That's sick and fiscally irresponsible.

Mick Jagger Unable To Score At Bates

"This school is one giant cockblock," famed frontman claims.

"He didn't know enough about multiculturalism and the evils of late-stage capitalism," women cry.

"I'm too good for him," others note.



Naked Factor, new reality TV show?
See inside, somewhere. And look for the nudity.

The Bates Spudent IT'S BEEN FUN...

"When news happens, we're somewhere else..."

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LEWISTON, MAINE

OUR ANNUAL SURVEY: BEST PLACES ON CAMPUS TO GET IT ON

by JOHN JOHNSON
LARGER THAN LIFE PIMP

So it's Saturday night around 1:30 A.M. You've had a few too many brews and you go to Bates, so you take what you can get. It's kind of like showing up for the breakfast buffet in the hotel at 10:30 when it closes at 11, a little picked over, except that's your buffet line ALL THE TIME. Anyhow, you find Mr. or Ms. Saturday Night (or perhaps, as some of these will show, Mr. or Ms. Sunday afternoon) and you need a place to do the horizontal Mambo, to ride the thunder express.... Here, then, is our survey of the most interesting places to show that special someone that they're special or at least, that you're drunk and horny.

10. The 4th Floor of Pettengill

There are many options here in this quiet and secluded penthouse. In the distance you hear the sound of waterfalls, so there is the romantic component of this spot. There is also the secret UN-style board room where you can play out your delegate and head of state fantasies to your hearts' content. You may want to keep the screaming down for sound carries young lads and lassies, sound carries.

9. The Pettengill Atrium

For the exhibitionist. Bonus points awarded if done during finals week of any semester.

8. The Elevator in Village One

Not exactly Speedy Claxton is this old lift, so take your time and do it right. For the marathoner, you may need to pull the stop button, for the rest of us, simply get in on the ground floor and get off on the fourth, literally.

7. Commons Peaks Room

No better place to peek in on some hungry young stalwarts as you discreetly carry your Steak Fried Chicken Dipped Ham to your table. For that matter, no better place to, ahem,

peak. And for that post hook-up hunger, Commons is right there.

6. The Turf

Excellent lighting, early reports indicate rug burn a minor problem.

5. Alumni Gymnasium, Center Court

For the gym rat in all of us. With one eye on the Bobcat list of 1,000 point scorers and the other on the scoreboard, welcome yourself to the much shorter list of "I'll do it anywhere, anytime." Make sure it's not halftime of a basketball game, there are kids there for cripes sake. Classic New England style gym with great hardwood floors, perfect for laying the wood.

4. Jake Gerber's bed room.

Have you seen Jake Gerber's bedroom? Those over 21 need not apply.

3. The Library

There are countless spots, numerous nooks and crannies to explore. And the library even has some too. George and Helen would be proud. In between the Government stacks is especially steamy. For the shy ones, the video watching rooms in the basement are awfully private, the tape listening stations next to the big window, not so much. Re-shelving a nice post hook-up activity, as is role playing with items from the lost and found.

2. Newspaper Office - Upstairs of Chase

Just kidding. No one from the newspaper ever gets any...

1. The 50 Yard Line of The Football Field

The winner and still undisputed best place to get it on, right on the Bobcat. Score more points than your football team did this season. Wet grass can be erotic. Look at the stars, look at the stars....

Alum Donates \$2 Million In Effort To Entirely Eliminate Colby

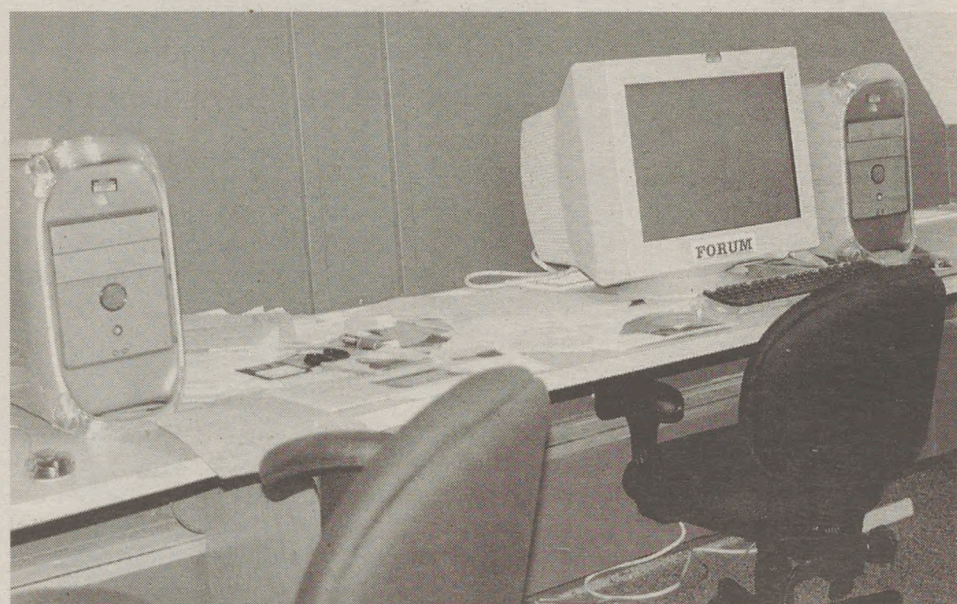
by IVANNA TINKLE
EDITOR EMMERITUS

An alum who wished to remain nameless, but who we will call "Barney" cut a fat check over the weekend for \$2 million with one string attached: all of the money must be used to fund a covert, double secret operation to eliminate Colby from the Maine liberal arts College scene. Barney, who made his millions in the adult entertainment industry, is said to have appointed Security Office Mike Poisine to lead the operation. The operation will consist of trips to Colby under the cover of darkness. Colby's facilities will be slowly destroyed and their faculty taken prisoner of war and forced to repeatedly take Linda Williamson's

African American Studies class.

Asked what motivated this philanthropic undertaking, Barney would only say, "I have my reasons." When pressed further and given lots of spiced rum, Barney said more. "You see, it's like this, Colby is holding us down. They're there and we're here and we just need to pave the way for a Batesian way of life. I once visited Colby, came away with a really funky STD and a bad hangover, I think that about says it all. We must end them. The road is long and the cost is great, but we will not falter, we will not fail."

Further details of the operation were released, but we at the SPudent never got the memo. Sorry.



Sir Smokes A Lot/The Bates SPudent

The Bates Student Newspaper Office - the second best place on campus to get it on? See our survey to the left.

Bates Faculty Gets Unruly At Muddy Waters As Karaoke Night Gets Heated

by HUGH JAZZ
Women Love Him,
Small Children Fear Him

Last Tuesday night at Muddy Waters, the popular karaoke night turned sour as several Bates faculty and deans descended on the small pub, to, in the words of Dean Keith Tannenbum "bust a phat rhyme." Things were going fine for a while. Bates President Elaine Hanson even made an appearance, and a boisterous one at that. On her way to a fundraising dinner, Hanson apparently stormed in, chugged three Guinness, did a shot of tequila and sang "Back in Black" by ACDC, while dancing wildly and playing the air guitar. On her way out, she was heard exclaiming, "I'll show you a bigger endowment."

Dean James Reese was seen twice singing Michael Jackson's "Beat It" and "Billy Jean." Rumors spread quickly that he was talked out of wearing a white glove. In what many considered a predictable move, professor of history Steve Hochstadt sang Cat Stevens' "Peace Train." In an unpredictable move, however, Dean Holly Gerney, after three whiskey sours, sang a duet with Dean Celeste Branflake (who was stone cold sober): Madona's "Like a

Virgin." Despite his earlier hardcore words, Dean T-bomb would only emerge from his spot in the corner, where he slowly sipped peach schnapps, to sing songs by Cher and Yani.

Things turned sour in the midst of professor of sociology Sawyer Sylvesterlone's rendition of Dr. Dre's "Keep Their Heads Ringin'." Sylvesterlone was confronted by professor of Economics Anne Williamson who yelled above Sylvesterlone's words and Dre's beat, "Damn man you can't rock a funky beat for shit." Williamson then went on to brow-beat Sylvesterlone in front of his colleagues, saying that she didn't think it was statistically possible "for someone to suck so much." Sylvesterlone became quietly enraged and with the decisiveness and quickness of a trained street fighter, removed his bow tie. Williamson then became enraged herself and sprung at Sylvesterlone muttering something about "regress this." She was luckily restrained by fellow economics colleague Carl Fin who yelled out, "Think of the puzzles Anne, think of the puzzles!"

Following this brief melee, the karaokee and boozing resumed with Biology professor Joe Pelican buying everyone a round of his favorite drink, "Tequila with the worms."



Courtesy of Tornado Tongue's Photo Album

Barney, the alum, who gave \$2 million to support his crusade to eliminate Colby from the liberal arts College scene.